

-----  
Title: History of Richard 8

Author: Beowulf Thormear  
-----

## Chapter Eight- Death of the Past

The wind whipped around the mountain peaks of Fire Island, the crimson light of flowing lava and the inhuman sounds of various daemons and creatures which roamed wild over the island haunted the night air. The darkness was pierced by two glimmering blue eyes, darting back and fourth over the mountain tops, illuminated by the moonlight which shone down from the heavens. The eyes continued to dart, sounds of exertion were heard through the night air, and the glistening of a blade intermittently caught the glare of moonlight as it flashed through the sky.

“My body is an ocean, filled with endless potential. Peaceful when looked upon, deadly when crossed.” The figure’s words floated through the night air, a silent whisper heard only by the mountains themselves. The figure darted with increased speed, the sound of metal against rock echoed in inhumanly quick succession.

The clanging of the blade began again, fragments of rock fell off the mountain as the figure

chipped away at various peaks. The figure continued its blinding dance far into the night, breaking off more and more stone from already weathered mountain peaks.

The figure stopped suddenly, looking towards a dark outcropping of stone, and completed three quick successive strokes of his blade. Standing tall, he lifted the piece of stone from the ground, a smile crossed his face, and his eyes flared a haunting bright blue. Deep into the night the sounds of a hammer and forge could be heard, echoing over the deathly still mountain range.

\*\*\*\*\*

Richard jumped from each foothold to the next, climbing his way once again up the large mountain. The moon was out in full force, highlighting his now light blue eyes. A thin suit of damascened black armor clung to his form, finely crafted, although less so than that which a trained blacksmith would have created. Richard finally reached the peak of the mountain and bore his gaze down towards the burning pools of lava, and the large Daemon Temple of Fire Island, which towered through the jungle trees. Richard withdrew his blade, letting it catch the glint of moonlight, twisting it around, sending waves of light over the tips of jungle trees. The creatures below sensing the disturbance began to

yell and scream in agony,  
their unearthly cries  
nearly deafening Richard's  
ears.

Richard stood tall, and  
looked towards the west,  
towards Minoc. With a  
mighty yell, his voice  
boomed over the island,  
resonating through the  
night air.

"SILENCE!" Richards's  
voice sent ripples of  
sound over the island. The  
howling daemons cries  
suddenly ceased and the  
island sank into a deathly  
silence.

"It is time I show my  
father what his weak son  
can do; he shall not see  
the waves before it is  
too late. He shall sink  
beneath my will... and I  
shall have no mercy!"  
Richard's voice boomed  
over the now silent  
island, as a sudden wind  
picking up from the ocean  
flowed through his hair,  
causing a slight smile to  
fall upon his face.

"I shall show them all  
my will."  
\*\*\*\*\*

The sound of pickaxes and  
ore trolley's echoed  
through the city of  
sacrifice. Miners and  
blacksmiths ironed out  
wage through hammer and  
shovel, the daily routine  
of a blue collar working  
town once again dominated  
the day's events. Outside  
of the cobblestone town  
streets, the endowing  
mountains, and the  
melodramatic taverns, lay  
the governor's mansion  
of Minoc. The dark grey  
stones of the well built  
mansion stood out

amongst the hastily built  
miner shacks and gypsy  
tents, creating a feeling  
of superiority over other  
structures.

A lone man walked  
towards the mansion,  
dressed in dark black  
armor with a blade  
fastened to an ornate  
sheath. The man strode  
towards the mansion,  
passing various citizens  
with harsh but careful  
steps. Nearing the  
mansion the man quickly  
drew his blade, and in a  
blink of an eye, cleaved  
the heads from two  
unprepared guards. With  
an aggressive motion, the  
man kicked down the door  
to the governors mansion,  
approaching the upper  
floors with a quickened  
pace. Flashes of light  
moving in unearthly  
succession danced over  
the walls of the mansion  
as darkly clad guards  
slumped lifelessly to the  
floor. The man approached  
the governor's quarters  
with confident strides,  
boastfully moving past  
shocked servants and  
screaming maids.

"Father, I have come to  
pay you a visit. I  
remember everything now.  
Everything."  
Richard bellowed the  
words, sending commotion  
up amongst the servants  
and nobles residing in the  
mansion.

"I see, that is  
fortunate. I always wish  
for recognition in your  
eyes as I put out your  
spark for good. However I  
cannot help but think...  
how many times must I  
kill this worthless runt,  
how many times must I

prove to him that he will never be worthy of his fathers legacy of greatness?" The High Advocate sunk in his seat, keeping his fiery glare locked on his son.

"Your legacy is a group of brigands. Nothing more father. They are among the best swordsmen in the realm, but you use your knowledge and skill to pervert humanity. I have found out that I am not so unlike you... perhaps more so then you think. I believe I shall take your last name father, to remind myself that we are not so different." Richard's voice suddenly became calm, speaking in a mocking tone towards the High Advocate.

"You are not at all like me, you are weak and worthless. You are nothing." The high advocate hissed, drawing the blade at his side.

"Then I will be nothing, it is more pure then what you are. I will take pity on you for giving birth to what I am, father. But I will not grant you mercy." Richard quickly reached into his armor, and pulled out a dagger. With precise accuracy, the dagger implanted itself in his father's neck.

"How could you know! You were only a..." The High Advocate's voice cut off as his body slumped to the floor, lifeless.

"I am a child of Moonglow, father. The magic of a thousand

images runs through my  
veins. You should have  
never underestimated  
me.” Richard stood over  
his father’s body,  
phosphorescent blue eyes  
ablaze with unbridled fury  
and adrenaline.

“You are only the first  
to feel my will, father.  
All those who preach  
darkness shall bow before  
it, and like you, I shall  
not grant them mercy.”